

The Sunday Herald

Weekly National Intelligence.

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

ESTABLISHED 1866
THE SUNDAY HERALD
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We will pay a reward of \$30 for the
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\$30 REWARD.

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ing this office when they fail to receive their
paper, in order that the matter may be
properly investigated.

The session of Congress which closed on Wednesday last will probably become noted in our legislative history for much that it did as well as much that it didn't do. The passage of the Tariff bill is bound to have a large effect on the country, and that this effect will be bad there are already indications. It is beyond question that even in the Republican party the idea has taken strong hold that the tariff system builds up vastly profitable industries for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and that its operations are glaringly unequal in different sections. On many of the necessities of life, even at this early date after the passage of the bill, its effect has been to raise prices. With the public mind pretty well informed on the general principles of the tariff question and specially directed to this vital point of the raising of prices, there can hardly fail to be a strong renewed growth of tariff reform sentiment among that great class of people who are not at all or only remotely interested in the industries which high protection immediately benefits. Perhaps such a robber measure as the McKinley bill was the last thing needed to set the tide of tariff reform sentiment flowing so impetuously that it will sweep the advocates of high protection into obscurity. And while the session of Congress just closed devoted so much of its time to this McKinley bill, the immediate if not the sole beneficiaries of which are men of wealth devoted to the production of more wealth, not a single measure was passed for the benefit of the millions of other American citizens who have no wealth at all, but who daily exhaust the energies of their bodies and minds in obtaining the food and the clothing necessary for the bare support of life, with no hope or chance of gaining more than will keep them from the poor-house when they become too old or too feeble to longer endure the daily grind.

Congress has adjourned, but Jack the Ripper has broke out again in London, and there will still be something to get excited about.

A poor insane wretch killed himself in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the other day, and the authorities have decided that the great edifice must be reconsecrated.

The New York Evening Post has begun another and general attack on Tammany Hall. The articles fairly sizzle in their hotness. Meanwhile Tammany Hall smiles and smiles and will continue to be a villain.

No better evidence of the way in which the South is booming could be had than the fact that Georgia has led all the States in the extent of her railroad construction in the first nine months of this year.

The discovery of errors in the Tariff bill as it was enrolled and passed by the House was no surprise to the Democrats. What would surprise them would be the discovery of items in the bill which were not errors.

There is a boom in the price of human life out in Iowa. A railroad has been mulcted in \$10,000 for killing a section hand. This, the dispatch says, is the largest amount ever allowed in Johnson County for a death.

The Republican negotiations with ex-Congressman CONVERSE, the high-tariff Ohio Democrat, to induce him to take the stump for McKinley, have failed. Perhaps Mr. CONVERSE's tariff is even too high for McKinley's managers.

Another new Portuguese Cabinet has been formed. If the names of the members furnish any criterion, discord is bound to prevail in it. How will it be possible, for instance, for Senator MARTINS FERREIRA and Gen. D'ABREU e SOUSA to get along together?

At New Haven Friday night Speaker REED informed his audience it was of vital necessity that the House of Representatives should be sustained by the people. And the people will sustain the House of Representatives—the whole House of Representatives—against an autocratic Speaker, gag law, and Russian methods generally.

Evidently some ironical practical joker started the scheme to send Gen. CLARKSON as Minister to China. As well talk about sending Col. BOB INGERSOLL as American representative to the Vatican. So eminent and extreme a sportsman as Gen. CLARKSON would pine away and die in the native land of the hated "Chinese system" of civil-service reform.

Speaker REED in a political harangue in Connecticut a few nights ago chanted the praises of the session of Congress just closed, and expressed a hope that the McKinley tariff law would remain in force long enough to secure the benefits it was sure to bring. As the Senate is likely to remain Republican for some years to come, Speaker REED's hope will be realized. The monopolists who will wring millions from

the great mass of the people under the protection of the McKinley bill are not likely to be disturbed by a Republican Senate, at least until the Farmers' Alliance in the West succeeds in raising a much larger crop of P's than the present one.

The Hon. FRANK LAWLER is about to desert the cause of spelling reform in Congress in order to become sheriff of Chicago. The distinguished gentleman will have a wider field of reformatory activity in his new office than in his present one, but it is to be feared he will meet with no greater success. It would be a much lighter task to make English spelling what it should be than to make Chicago morals what they should be.

The Hon. JOHN M. LANGSTON told his constituents the other night that the Democratic party was afraid of its own shadow. This may be true of the Democratic party in Maine and Vermont, where it is large enough to stop sun light so infrequently that it never gets fully accustomed to its own shadow. But in the South it isn't its shadow the Democratic party is afraid of, but Mr. LANGSTON's shade.

The North Carolina Democrats promise to make the present campaign the most aggressive ever held in that State in an off year. They intend, if hard work and a thorough canvass can do it, to elect a solid Democratic delegation to the next House. With such samples of what the Republicans will do when given the chance as the McKinley bill and the Force bill, there ought not to be much difficulty in making the South more solid than ever this year.

The Delaware authorities set a good example to the country in enforcing the law against fools who maim and kill their friends and acquaintances by the careless handling of firearms. A Wilmington colored man has just been sent to the penitentiary for three years for accidentally killing a boy while fooling with a pistol. There would be fewer "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" tragedies if this policy was pursued in all the States.

A New York World cartoon represents a Congressman going home after adjournment with a bag marked "Swag" in his hand. Nothing could be further from the truth. The session which closed on Wednesday made no collections; it simply paid bills contracted by the Republicans in the campaign of 1888. The Republicans had no swag in their bags, although they did have considerable swag in their gait. That will probably be all gone when they return in December, however.

About eight years ago last January there appeared from New York a handsomely gotten up though small paper called *The Electrician*. It was monthly, and the subscription was but fifty cents a year. It seemed to prosper, and in perhaps a year it was enlarged and the tariff doubled. Still it increased in size and circulation until later on as *The Electrician and Electrical Engineer*, at a trebled price, it became famous among journals of its kind. Recently, as *The Electrical Engineer*, it appeared as a weekly publication of from fifty to sixty pages, and is now probably the leading technical electrical periodical of America.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Elmer E. Houk has gone to Tennessee on a short business trip.

Assistant Secretary of State Wharton is spending a three weeks' vacation at Lenox, Mass.

Dr. E. S. Carroll has returned to the city after a week's visit to his parents in Meadville, Pa.

Director of the Mint Edward O. Leech is off on the first leave he has taken since his appointment.

The thousands of friends of Mr. William Dickson will be glad to know that he is rapidly regaining his health after a serious illness.

Gen. H. V. Boynton has gone to Ohio. He will return in time to be present at the meeting of the Rock Creek Park Commission, a week from to-morrow.

Secretary Rusk and his private secretary, Mr. O. D. La Dow, returned to Washington yesterday from their trip to Omaha and other cities in the West and Northwest.

Mr. Russell H. Scott has relinquished his place in the Chase National Bank, New York, and returned to Washington to take a place in the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. Harry Spofford leaves to-night on a four weeks' vacation. After joining Mrs. Spofford at Boston, together they will take a sea trip from that point to Norfolk, thence going to Ohio by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

The renomination by the Democrats of Boston of the Hon. Joseph O'Neill affords much satisfaction here to that gentleman's host of political friends. Though a new man in Congress, Mr. O'Neill accomplished much for the benefit of his people.

Senator Chandler left here yesterday afternoon for his home at Waterloo, N. H., where he will remain several weeks. In conversation Mr. Chandler represents that the Republican party in the Granite State is united and harmonious, and he is quite confident of the success of his party in the elections this fall.

Mr. Alexander Mullenbow, the well-known and popular young lawyer, has entered upon the discharge of his duties as attorney for the United States in the Police Court. He was presented with a handsome basket of flowers by a number of fellow-attorneys when he assumed his new duties. Mr. Mullenbow will prove an efficient and capable official.

Mr. Joseph Y. Potts has almost been disabled for the proper discharge of his new duties as clerk of the Police Court by the amount of congratulatory hand-shaking he has received since Judge Miller gave him the appointment. Mr. Potts is one of the best known, best liked, and most painstaking newspaper men in Washington, and his appointment to the Police Court clerkship was an excellent one. He is entirely familiar with the duties, and will prove a first-rate official.

Four members of that famous organization, the South Mountain Fishing Club, left the city on Friday and yesterday, accompanied by one guest, for a two weeks' angling tour along the North Carolina coast. The members of the club left Washington in installments, so as not to cause too sudden a slump in the amount of Waltonian talent in the city. The gentlemen who composed the party were Maj. Thomas Brackett Kirby, Maj. Fergus P. Ferris, Mr. Edwin Wood, and Col. William G. Sterrett, members of the club, and Mr. John P. Miller, of the *Evening Star*, the guest of the club.

TALK OF THE WEEK.

She was a fine figure of a woman. Her dark dress fitted admirably her tall and shapely form. She carried herself like a queen on dress parade. Her rich chestnut hair was caught up in splendid coils beneath her bonnet, and there was an expression of gracious self-content on her beautifully chiseled features that betokened she appraised herself at her true value. All the eyes that fell on her as she moved with stately grace down the Avenue lingered in admiration on the beautiful and superbly poised head, on the square shoulders and the handsome bust. The eyes that looked lower down at once assumed a startled expression. The look of un-mixed admiration changed to a smile of amusement. A dozen times in the course of a block this occurred. The lady at first did not notice the amused smiles. Perhaps she was totally unaware of the attention she was attracting, though this is not probable. She was too much of a woman for that. Perhaps she thought there was an unusual number of flirtatiously inclined men on the Avenue that afternoon. But at last the smiles of amusement that chased away the look of admiration on the faces of those who saw her began to tell. The suspicion of an expression of disquiet flitted across her face, chasing away momentarily the easy look of gracious self-content. Then she inclined her head a bit forward and tried to glance swiftly down the front of her costume. The alarming thought had evidently come into her mind that something might be wrong with her dress. As she passed along, however, the annoying smiles continued. The lady grew more and more uneasy. The color spread from her cheeks to her forehead. It surged about her ears and flowed down her throat till it was lost to sight. At last her uneasiness became unbearable. She must find a mirror. A drug store was near by and she fled into it. One swift look into the big mirror revealed to her the cause of those annoying smiles, and caused a bewildering display of scurrying blushes to chase each other about her cheeks. Nestling in the folds of her skirt just below the waist line, caught somehow in the angle of two creases, was a tiny powder puff exposed to the full gaze of every one else, but concealed by the swelling corsage from herself. It did not take the lady long to get that miserable puff out of sight.

"Buck" Kilgore, the big man from Texas who kicked the door against Representative Dingley's nose, is dignified and statesmanlike enough in appearance, but he is as good natured and ready for any kind of a joke as a school-boy. In the closing hours of the session on Wednesday Mr. Kilgore frightened his colleagues by raising the point "No quorum," and for some time refusing to withdraw it, although prayerfully urged to do so by men on both sides of the chamber. Various stories have been told as to the arguments which finally prevailed on Mr. Kilgore to induce him to withdraw his point, but the true one has not yet been printed. There is in Washington a club of newspaper correspondents known as the South Mountain Fishing Club. The members of this club are as devoted to the members of the House. One of the members of the club is Isaac Walton ever had, and every spare afternoon they have from their duties they spend up the Potomac in pursuit of the game bass. For some time the members of the club have been preparing for a grand two weeks' fishing trip in North Carolina, to be begun immediately after the adjournment of Congress. They made all their preparations on the general understanding that Congress would adjourn on Wednesday last, and were even more anxious to get away than most of the members of the House. One of the newspaper men who compose the club is employed on the floor of the House, and when he saw the persistence with which Mr. Kilgore adhered to his point of no quorum he was filled with alarm lest the North Carolina fishing trip should be broken up by the failure of Congress to adjourn. The newspaper man is on friendly terms with Mr. Kilgore, and at last went to him and begged him in the name of the South Mountain Fishing Club to withdraw his point of no quorum and let the House adjourn on time. The newspaper man pleaded so hard and presented his case with such fervid eloquence that the big and good-natured statesman at last had his heart melted and consented to withdraw his obstructive point for the sake of the South Mountain Fishing Club. In return the newspaper men have sworn allegiance to Kilgore, and here offered to go down to Texas and stump his district for him after their return from their fishing trip. Mr. Kilgore, however, will not require this service from them, as he has a perfectly safe district and can come back to Congress just as long as he wants to, and all the boys hope he'll want to just as long as he can come back.

One of the members who has grown perceptibly during the session of Congress that closed on Wednesday is Representative "Billy" Mason, of Chicago. Mr. Mason is unquestionably one of the characters of the House, a great lover of a joke or a good story, at the same time a very hard worker, a keen debater, and a determined and expert fighter in parliamentary battles. His leadership in opposition to the passage of the Compound Land bill was masterly, and gave the House an entirely new insight into his character. He demonstrated the practicability of the methods of obstruction which the Democrats afterward used successfully in their long fight against the seating of Langston. Mason has come to be recognized as one of the most alert men at repartee on the floor of the House, and his fellow-members are growing very wary of attacking him, as his replies almost invariably make them wish that they hadn't said a word. While Mason does an immense amount of work in committee and for his constituents in the Departments, he also finds time to entertain his large family of children, whom he never seems to forget, no matter how busy he may be with his legislative duties. On Wednesday the President took up his pen to sign the Tariff bill he asked Maj. McKinley, who was standing beside him, if he wanted the pen with which the executive signature was fixed to that famous measure. Maj. McKinley did not seem anxious for the souvenir, but Representative Mason, who was also of the party, immediately filed an application with Maj. McKinley to procure the pen for him. So when the President had affixed his signature to the Tariff bill Mr. Mason secured the pen with which it had been done, explaining to the President that he wanted it as an addition to the museum of curiosities which one of the little Masons was establishing.

In his Washington letter in the last number of the *Chicago America* Mr. Fred. Perry Power says: "A friend of mine, who has had several years' experience in the House of Representatives, suggested in conversation the other day one reason in favor of a 'previous question' in the Senate, which is of a literary rather than of a political character. My friend said that the speech made by Mr. Reed on the tariff on the last day of the House debate in 1888 was the first set speech he had made in a House of which he had been a member for twelve years, and a prominent member, too, for practically

the whole of that time. During those twelve years Mr. Reed had participated in every prominent debate, and in every party fight; he had acquired a national reputation and the leadership of his side of the House, and yet he had never made a long, formal speech. He had done his speaking, said my friend, under the five-minute rule; he had addressed the House with the Speaker's gavel poised in the air and ready to come down at any moment. For years he had drilled himself in the art of making his point effectively in a sentence or in five minutes. As the result of all this, Mr. Reed's tariff speech in 1888 was one of the great speeches of American politics. My friend went on to say that in the Senate men were under no such training; and he made a comparison between Mr. Carlisle's discussion of the tariff when he was the leader of the Democratic minority in 1883 and as a member of the Senate in 1890, and he thought Mr. Carlisle's incisiveness and force had been impaired by his translation from a house where debate is narrowly hedged in to a house where debate has no limits."

Continuing the discussion, another side of the matter is presented: "There is a good deal in this theory, but one must not generalize from insufficient data, and the value of condensation may be too highly estimated. If Mr. Reed's skill in debate and his epigrammatic style were the result of the House limitations on debate, we ought to have more Reeds, whereas we have only one, which is a great pity, looking at politics from the point of view of literature and the drama, and looking at the House of Representatives as a school of oratory. Mr. Reed's colleagues have not been deterred from making set speeches or compiling essays out of various public documents and getting them printed in the *Record* as speeches. They have participated in hundreds of debates under the five-minute rule without growing concise or brilliant; the Speaker's gavel has not hampered their speeches to fine points. On the other hand, the most complete master of expression in either House is Senator Ingalls, who has been sixteen or seventeen years in the Senate and never was in the House at all. And so I am skeptical about the superiority of the House rules teaching condensation and luminosity."

A runaway with unusual features occurred on Eighth street the other day. A couple of gentlemen standing on the sidewalk saw a horse, drawing a light business wagon, dashing wildly down the street. In the driver's seat sat a man of middle age, hanging onto the reins with all his might, but apparently utterly unable to check the maddened animal or to guide him. On the helpless driver's face there was an expression of strange agony, and as the wild horse dashed from side to side of the street he seemed to be filled with a perfect panic of fear. While seemingly on the verge of fainting from fright, the man clung to the reins as his only hope, although at every jolt of the wagon he was in danger of being hurled violently to the stone-paved street. There was something so strange in the appearance and behavior of the man in the wagon that all who saw the runaway had their attention attracted to him rather more than to the frightened horse. The spectators took in these details, of course, in an instant, while trying to make up their minds what to do. On the wild horse came, narrowly missing a number of wagons standing in the street, moving carriages, and pedestrians. Then a wagon was struck by the bounding vehicle and the occupant almost hurled from his seat. A moment later the runaway dashed into another vehicle, badly smashing it. This for an instant checked the mad career of the frightened horse, but the man with the strange agonized look on his face made no attempt to save himself by jumping. He seemed paralyzed by fear, and the horse was about to bound away again, wilder than ever, when a man sprang to his head, caught him by the bit, and succeeded in stopping him. At the same time he yelled to the occupant of the wagon, "Jump out! Jump out! Why didn't you jump?" "I can't jump," answered the man in a weak, exhausted tone of voice. "I can see nothing. I am totally blind." It is not easy to imagine a more horrible situation for a blind man than this in which this poor fellow found himself, dashing through a crowded street by a maddened horse at a terrific rate of speed, and utterly unable to do anything to save himself.

Up at the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee headquarters they are trying to figure themselves into a hopeful frame of mind, and claim to have done; but if the figures given out as those through which the operation was performed are correct, then Mr. Belden and his lieutenants must be veritable Mark Tapleys. They claim to have carefully taken stock of the Congressional districts of the country, and find 109 that are surely Republican. Twenty others have been classed as probably Republican, while thirty-three now represented by Republicans are admitted to be doubtful. All told, these make 142 districts, five short of a majority of the next House. But the Republicans say there are twenty-four Democratic districts which with work and boodle they feel confident of carrying. At least they can carry enough of them to give them a safe working majority, provided they hold all their own districts, probable as well as doubtful. At the very worst they will concede it possible for the Democrats to win no more than a majority of ten in the next House, so that the Republicans feel they are justified in claiming they have a first-rate fighting chance. And as they are understood to possess in ample store the "sneaks of war," with men who know how and are not scrupulous about using them, they are naturally inclined to look on the situation with confidence.

That they have plenty of money the expensiveness of some of the vote-catching devices they mean to put out proves. In fact, the committee are going to introduce decided novelties into their work. They are preparing to get out some "paper" worthy of a circus or a blood-curdling melodrama. One three-sheet poster, to be printed in brilliant-hued ink, will show Major McKinley in his great act of passionately pleading with the House to save the working man by passing the Tariff bill. Whether this circus poster picture of McKinley is a reproduction of an instantaneous photograph taken on the spot is not known, but no doubt it is. This "bill" is intended specially for use in McKinley's district, which the Republicans mean to carry for the father of the Tariff bill if the most liberal expenditure of money can do it. Other illustrated posters will also be gotten out—perhaps of Mr. Beckwith knocking out Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kennedy delivering his back-handed eulogy on Senator Quay, or Mr. Reed seizing up the President after he heard of the nomination of Mr. Dow for collector of Portland.

There is a Lasting Beauty
To our \$10 light and medium-weight overcoats. They are well made and elegantly trimmed and finished. Elsmann Bros., 7th and E, manufacturing clothiers and tailors.

Be sure to read what E. P. Mertz has to say on the subject of medicine. Page 8.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Maj. George A. Armes, the man who pulled Governor Beaver's nose in the lobby of the Riggs House, is not a man to fool with. Any one who does him an injury is likely sooner or later to suffer for it. He never forgives and never forgets. Twenty years ago Lewis Merrill, then a captain in the Second Cavalry, did a serious injury to Maj. Armes, who was then serving in the same regiment and had incurred the envy of some of his brother officers by receiving promotion to the rank of captain when he was only twenty-one years old. The promotion was a reward for his bravery in fighting Indians. His envious brother officers, led by Merrill, had him court-martialed on a charge which some say was false. Merrill was judge advocate, and Armes was convicted and dismissed from the Army. But Congress, disapproving of the work of the court-martial, promptly restored the young officer to the service, and he served in the Tenth Cavalry until 1883, when he was retired as a senior captain.

In 1886 Merrill, then a major in the Seventh Cavalry, was nominated by President Cleveland for promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel, but Armes was after his old enemy. He presented such a picture of him to President Cleveland that the President withdrew the nomination, and Merrill was retired as a major. That was not the end of it, however. Merrill is a Pennsylvanian and a great politician it seems. He was able to get Congress to pass a bill authorizing the President to make a lieutenant colonel of him and to have the promotion date from January 9, 1886. The President accordingly sent to the Senate at its late session the nomination of Maj. Lewis Merrill to be lieutenant colonel of cavalry, but the Senate, strange to say, refused to confirm the nomination.

Major Armes called upon the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and proved among other things that Merrill, while acting as judge advocate in a certain court-martial, made a bargain with the officer on trial to acquit him in consideration of a present of \$500. In view of this record the committee thought Merrill was hardly a man to be promoted, and so his nomination was one of the twelve which the Senate at its late session refused to confirm. It is a remarkable instance of the mutability of human affairs that the Senate should pass a bill authorizing the President to nominate a man for promotion and then refuse to confirm the nomination. Maj. Armes is happy. "I have been trying for over twenty years," he said yesterday, "to get even with that fellow, and now I think I am even. Revenge is sweet." He added that Maj. Merrill was lucky to be outside the penitentiary, because it is a penitentiary offense for a judge advocate to accept a bribe.

Now Congress has gone and Washington is a dull town in consequence. Those Washingtonians who during the sessions of Congress are continually protesting their weariness of the legislators on the Hill surely cannot mean it. No, Messieurs Senators and Representatives, I feel quite certain the people of Washington love you, and if they are not proud of you all they are heartily glad to have you here. I speak not of the hotel-keepers alone, but of the whole city. I am sure I speak for ninety-nine out of one hundred Washingtonians when I say that we heartily enjoy your presence, we sincerely regret your absence, and we sorely miss you when you are gone. When you are here you make Washington one of the most interesting cities in the world; when you go away you leave it one of the dullest. What a difference between the day before the meeting of Congress and the day after adjournment! When grumbling people say they are glad to get rid of Congress they don't represent the sentiment of this city. I am sure that any one who really may have such a feeling when Congress is here soon gets rid of it when the statesmen go away. We don't know how we love you till we lose you. Come back and all will be forgiven.

Cleveland was a great veto artist. He used to veto about 10 per cent. of all the bills which Congress sent to the White House. None of his predecessors could compare with him. He vetoed more bills than all the previous Presidents put together. In fact, he vetoed in a single session of Congress as many bills as had previously been vetoed by all the Presidents of a century. Grant stands second as a veto artist. During his two terms he vetoed forty-two bills. Harrison bids fair to equal Grant's record, even if he should only have a single Presidential term in which to do it. He has already vetoed a dozen bills and pocketed eleven more. That is to say, he has killed about 2 per cent. of the bills presented for his approval. That is not a bad beginning, although it can't compare with the record of the first session of Congress after Mr. Cleveland came to the White House. During that single session Mr. Cleveland vetoed no less than 113 bills. Since the beginning of this Government there have been some four or five hundred Presidential vetoes. What a contrast there is in this respect between the United States and England! Since the days of Queen Anne, now almost two centuries ago, no English sovereign has dared to veto any bill passed by the British Parliament.

A discussion of the various forms of capital punishment and of the easiest ways of dying led the other night to the suggestion that if the State of New York should think of super-seding the electric chair an experiment should be made with champagne. To be drowned in champagne ought to be very pleasant; and the representative of a big champagne house has pledged himself, in case of the adoption of such a law, to furnish champagne enough to drown half a dozen criminals. It would take about \$50,000 worth to make a decent pool, but what an ad. it would be! Mumm wouldn't be in it after that.

A long life has generally been regarded as a thing to be desired—the best thing that a man could wish either for himself or his friend. But as a philosophical friend of mine remarked to me as we were conning front for his birthday day, in the measurement of life length it can't be one dimension. Breadth and thickness count for something too. And this philosophy I believe is becoming more general every day. Here is to a long life with plenty of breadth to it.

—Where do you buy your drugs, and what do you pay for them? See E. P. Mertz's article on page 8.

Fabrics From Foreign and Domestic Looms.

In the very latest patterns and weaves, are to be found in our tailoring department. See our trousseurs to order, from \$5 up, and suits to order from \$20 up. Elsmann Bros., 7th and E, tailoring department.

An interesting article appears on page 8 on the subject of drugs and medicines and the exorbitant prices charged for the same.